



CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 9.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1844.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Tracts for the People.

"*Salus populi suprema lex esto;*"
(that is,)

"Let the SALVATION of the people be our highest principle."

DOCTRINAL SERIES.—No. II.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

"The FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God." *Psalm xiii. 1.*

It was in the autumn of 1825, that a small brigantine set sail from Genoa for Sardinia. There were then no steamers on that line, and the government-packet only sailed once every month. Persons, therefore, whom business or inclination led to visit that interesting island, were glad to go by such means of transport as happened to present themselves. The vessel to which we have alluded, the "Santissima Nunziata," was not indeed fitted up for passengers, nor was it very comfortable; but a good awning on the deck, to keep off the sun, provided abundant space, and the small cabin was reserved for the chance of a storm, of which there did not seem to be much danger. On the day appointed for the sailing of the ship, the sea was calm, and the sky clear, and what little breeze there was, quite favourable.

Early in the morning, the captain went to the church—and a superb one it is—which bears the same name as his little ship, or rather after which his craft had been called; and there heard the mass of Father Francesco, or Francis (as we shall call him) and received communion from his venerable hands. The good friar had offered up the holy sacrifice for their prosperous voyage; for he was himself going by that vessel, being appointed to preach the advent in the island. When he had finished his devotions, the captain went into the sacristy, and finding the holy friar just rising from his own thanksgiving, kissed his hand, and said, "Not later than ten o'clock if you please, my father; we must make the most of this fine day."

"Does it promise well, then?"

"Splendidly! We shall, I trust, reach our destination very speedily. The wind is favourable, my vessel sails like a swan—and then—"

"What more, my friend?"

"With your blessing and prayers, and the mass this morning, all must go well."

"Certainly," answered the good old man smiling, "a friar of the Nunziata* ought to have a good passage in a ship of the same name. The Star of the sea will guide us, and the Most High will protect us. Go, my son, and make your preparations: I shall be punctual."

In fact, what had poor F. Francis to keep him from being so fit? He had no portmanteau to pack up, no trunks, or hat-cases, or carpet-bags to think of. He was going to preach the gospel of the apostles, and he was going as they did—without scrip or purse (of course, the captain would have thought it base to take a farthing for his passage) with one coat—the habit he had on—without shoes, for he was barefoot. His sermons he tied up in a coarse blue handkerchief, making a square parcel, and a very small canvas bag contained his breviary and a few necessary articles. All this was soon ready, and nothing remained but for him to ask his superior's blessing. He repaired, therefore, to the cell of his father Guardian, and falling on his knees, and kissing his hand, said, "Benedicite!" The superior was younger than he by many years, had been his scholar, his novice—but that made no difference, God had placed him where he was, and good Father Francis only saw in him the Vicegerent of God.

The blessing was given—that was the superior's gift—but it was followed by a hearty and tender embrace, that was the son and friend's leave-taking, with an earnest entreaty that he would take care of himself, and write often, and come back soon; and so the good friar, with his bundles, was quickly at the port, and then on board. There were several other passengers—a merchant or two, two or three young gentlemen of property in the island, and a few peasants, who quartered with the sailors.

All was ready—the hawsers were flung loose, and the vessel was riding impatient to start, only held by one rope tied round a marble post on the quay. "Why do we not go off?" every one asked, and they were answered that one passenger was wanting. Again and again the same question was repeated, and the same answer returned. "Let us go without him, why should we be kept waiting?" "His name is on the ship's papers, and we should get into trouble if he was not with us at the end of the voyage."

At length he comes, followed by his luggage, packages of all sorts, portfolios, easels and what not! for he is a painter. But look at him: it is clear he does not care one straw for the inconvenience he has put others to. For though he condescends to make a sort of apology, it is done with the greatest possible coolness, just while he takes his cigar out of his mouth, and puffs out the smoke. He is a tall, good-looking young man, with long brown mustaches, a broad flapping straw-hat, open neck, his left arm behind his back, and under his light coat, his right being free to manage his cigar and the glass that hangs round his neck. He evidently does not think small things of himself; for he first puts all his articles of luggage just where it suits himself, without caring in whose way they may be, and then he looks round coolly on all his fellow passengers, till his eyes rest on the friar, who has quietly sat down in the most retired corner. Bless me! what a stare he gives him! how he eyes him from head to foot—from his shaven head to his bare feet—examines his countenance, his habit, his

*A church dedicated in memory of the Annunciation.

little packages, looks at him as if he thought him some wild beast, then turns on his heel disdainfully, and walks away. Reader, do you want to see this sort of coxcomb? It is a very common thing in Italy, but it is not generally Italian—it comes from abroad, sometimes from France, occasionally from Germany, very, very often from—no matter where.

And yet this sort of persons make themselves popular or important, or, strange to say, feared. Yes, a thing such as I have described, aye, and described from the life, will talk immorality and infidelity, make jokes on the most sacred things, utter half-concealed immodesties, and partly by vulgar wit, partly by impudence, carry the day. Some silly people will laugh with him, some cowardly ones will giggle with a blush, the good ones will turn away from him, and he has it all his own way. If some one ventures a reproof, or an argument, he turns him to ridicule, and puts him to shame; and at last he gets the laugh always with him; and alas! how few people have courage to face that!

Now, dear reader, or rather friend! mind my words. These sort of fellows are a sheer pest; and do you shun them. Let loose talkers on religion or morality never come near your house; and if any one attempt such a thing there, take him quietly by the shoulders, and turn him out. I promise you, you will sleep better after it.

But to our story. While our hero has been showing himself off to us, the ship has cleared the harbour, and is spreading her canvas to the breeze. Oh! could I describe to you the scene contemplated from that vessel! The bay of Genoa, inclosed in mountains of purple, dotted all over with white churches, and villages, and houses, the city in the midst, running along the shore on either side, and climbing up the hill above, compact tiers of palaces, domes, towers, and gardens, one over the other, till they break into suburbs first, and then into villas with cypress-alleys at the top. Genoa "*the superb!*" of which marble is the common stone, fresco the out-door paint, whose churches would furnish many great cities with cathedrals, whose palaces could royally accommodate all the sovereigns of Europe! And what a sea at its feet! none of your green sickly-looking waves, but a mirror of deep, deep azure, reflecting a cloudless sky—but I am forgetting my story. Only one thing before we take leave of Genoa; it is, no doubt, a splendid, royal city, but it is better than that, it is a good religious city, a really catholic city. No one can know it, and not love it.

The ship stands out to sea, and our friend Raphael (whether it was his real name, or one that he took because he thought himself the greatest painter in Europe) has likewise made great way. He has got over one or two of the young gentlemen very soon; that is, he has got them to laugh at a few doubtful jokes, and to quiz the good friar, who was reading a book. This was quite enough—he knew that *they*, silly youths, would not venture now to say a prayer, or talk religiously in his presence. He had got a party—that was all he wanted for a beginning; and he determined to get some sport out of F. Francis before the voyage ended.

He soon began: ridiculous questions were gravely put to the good and simple-hearted man, and answered by him cheerfully, and good-naturedly, to the amusement and suppressed mirth of those shallow wits; and then by degrees more and more malicious and scornful remarks were made, which he bore in silence and meekness. Gradually the young painter ventured to scoff at holy practices, at religious observances, at sacred doctrines, at religion in general; till in the course of the next day, he had thrown off all disguise, and avowed himself—an INFIDEL—an ATHEIST—one who did not believe in God! His

foolish companions hardly knew how to take this.—They felt half-ashamed to stick to him; yet they had not courage to draw back; so they took the course of all weak minds, affected great liberality in such matters, and protested that they had no bigotry. Not so the holy friar. He feared not man, when the cause of God was concerned. He stood up boldly; and eyeing the scoffer with a noble indignation mixed with pity, in the most dignified attitude and with a solemn gesture, thus addressed him:

"Impious man! Hast thou courage thus to profess thyself the enemy of God upon the face of His own abyss, with nought between thee and the heaven in which He dwelleth—with nought but a frail and quivering plank between thee and the gulf of perdition, temporal and everlasting! Is it not enough that the land should reek with impiety, that even this glorious expanse of sky and ocean should have to be contaminated with thy blasphemies!

"Look at that sun, if thy eyes can bear his noon-day brightness, and ask him, Who makes him glow with radiance and heat? Who bid him rise this morning to cheer and warm us? Who will send him, glad bearer of joy, to other regions, as he sets to us?"

"Chance," muttered the youth.

"Look abroad upon the waters," continued the friar, without heeding the interruption, "and see them, wide and unfathomable, yet lulled in calm like a slumbering infant, bearing this bark softly upon their bosom, when one stroke from their fury would dash it to destruction? Ask them Who chains them, and Who unfetters them? Who scooped out for them their deep basin? Who stems their fury on the rocky or sandy shore? Who raises up their waters, as dust invisible, and builds of that dust palaces, like those, of golden clouds, and Who dissolves them in refreshing showers over the fields of man's sowing?"

"Chance," grumbled the other.

"But why tell thee to look afar," again resumed F. Francis, "while thy eyes seem not sufficient to see thyself? Whence camest thou? Who fashioned that body which thou seemest to prize so much, yea beyond that unseen and immortal intelligence which will live, when *it* is mouldering in corruption? Who framed that supple tongue which utters such foul words? Who kindled those eyes which dare to look upon the works of God, and to deny Him?"

"Chance," obstinately replied Raphael.

"Chance!" exclaimed the good religious; "and pray what is chance?"

"A certain combination of occurrences, leading to a given result."

"And Who, pray, rules those combinations, so that they should always lead to the same result?"

"The laws of nature."

"And what is nature? and Who gave it laws?"

"It consists of certain phenomena, and the regular return of these forms its laws."

"Silly, vain youth!" exclaimed the monk: "thou knowest not what thou sayest. Are these natural appearances or phenomena caused by anything else or not? If, in the end, they must have a cause, why not at once acknowledge the simplest, most satisfactory of all causes—a Creator—God? If not, thou art involved in all the difficulties with respect to their existence, which thou attemptest to escape, by denying the existence of a First Cause."

But here the captain, out of all patience, broke in. He was a good christian, but a rough-spun, straight-forward fellow; and he took his own way of arguing. "I tell you what, my philos-

opher," said he to the foolish youth, "if you were not something worse, I would call you a fool. Chance indeed! to tell F. Francis that the sun, and the sea, came by chance! (for as to yourself I will leave you to think of *that* as you please—for my part I think better of myself than that.) Pray tell me, had you ever the good luck to see, or to sail in a ship that was made by chance? Did you ever happen to stumble on even a cock-boat made by accident—by combination, I think you called it, of occurrences, or some such stuff—that is, for example, by planks and timbers thrown together in a dockyard? Do you think that I picked up that compass, and this chronometer, one fine day, upon the shore—all made to hand, aye and going right? Yet, I think it would take a vast deal more to wind up the clock above, with all those stars moving round like wheels, as regular as this, and far more so; and to keep the old Bear always at his place in the north, like the needle of my compass.

"But what am I talking about? With all your wisdom, I dare say you don't know what is inside the watch. You have never taken any pains to understand how it goes, and goes right. If its wheels were taken out, it would have a precious *chance* indeed, if you had to put it together again—though I suppose you would be satisfied with shaking all the wheels, and springs, and pivots about in a box till by *chance* they all got into their places again, and set a-going. And here you are pulling the heavens to pieces, and the sea, and earth, and men, just as if you could make them, when you must know far less about them than you do about a watch; and talking of *chance* being enough to make them, when you know, or ought to know, that it never yet made so much as a pin.

"I don't pretend to be a philosopher, and I have never read Voltaire, or any of those scoundrels; but I have common sense I hope, and what is better, common feeling. And as plain as I can read the maker's name upon the face of the compass, or on the works of the watch, I am sure that any one that wears a head with brains in it, or has a heart of flesh and blood, can read upon sky and sea, heaven and earth, the sun or a flower, a man or an insect, the Name of God."

The captain had never made such a long speech in his life before, and I dare say had not often made a better; for when he stopped, all out of breath, and with a thump of his fist on the binnacle, as he concluded, F. Francis was smiling on him, and exclaimed, "Bravo, captain, God bless you!"

The painter attempted to get up a laugh; but just as he began to break out into one, he stopped short, and every one started: for a rolling growl of distant thunder was heard. All looked towards the direction from which it came, and saw rising in the horizon one of those dark, black curtains of clouds, which indicate in the Mediterranean a coming squall. It rose slowly but steadily, without break or crack, or fleecy flake upon it; and the sea, which was like glass round the ship, was all broken into little waves with white crests in the distance on that side. The captain looked very anxious, and gave immediate orders to make all tight, to take in all sail, leaving nothing but a close-reefed mainsail, to unship the top-royal masts, haul in the jib-boom, lash fast the boats, and so prepare for the fearful blast. He himself took the helm, and a dead silence ensued; for the breeze had died away, the sun was completely hidden, the sea was black and inky, and heaved up, not in billows, but as if the under water were pushing upwards, so that the vessel pitched and lurched like a drunken thing upon its surface. Every now and then a sharp whistling cut of wind would sweep through the bare cordage and rigging, playing with them as if they were harp-strings; then a sea-bird would fly screaming round; then a vivid flash of lightning, and a loud

roll of thunder, nearer every time, would dazzle and stun; and in the interval all was dead silence, and around all was dead calm. The cloud above was unbroken, the sea below was unruffled.

The sailors and peasants were collected together, exchanging sullen whispers a-head: the passengers had retired, some below, some into sheltered nooks—all shrunk from the side of the infidel, who sat alone on a trunk in the midst of the deck. His face was pale, his eye was haggard, his lips were blanched and quivering, his hands were convulsed, and his whole gait betrayed great agitation. Father Francis immediately drew his stool near him, but said not a word. At length after several spasmodic efforts of his throat, the painter addressed him.

"What a sudden change in the weather! What can have caused it?"

"Only *chance* I suppose," answered the friar.

"Do you really think so?" asked the youth somewhat cheered; "are you in earnest, or are you only—"

"Answering the fool according to his folly," interrupted F. Francis.

"The fool?"

"Yes: for so I have learnt, 'The *fool* hath said in his heart, There is no God.' Now, young man, you have blasphemed the God of Might, while his thunders slept: do so again now that they are aroused. You scoffed at Him, and denied Him in the face of His bright and spotless heaven, in the eye of His goodness, looking at you through His dazzling sun: now repeat your scorn—utter your defiance, beneath the dark scowl of that storm, and to the glare of this lightning."

As he spoke, a more vivid flash than ever shot like an arrow through the sky before them, and was immediately followed by a burst of thunder that seemed to crush the ship beneath it. The wind sighed heavily, and pressed against the vessel like a weight more than a blast. The sea boiled all around with a hissing foam, and the ship tossed and rolled in its hollow, as in a seething cauldron. Every plank strained and quivered, every block shrieked, the masts bent and shook like reeds, and the little vessel lay upon her side, panting and groaning like a noble steed beneath the red-hot brand.

"Say again," continued the holy priest, "that all this is befalling us by chance, that there is no One pointing those lances of fire, no One speaking through that awful roar, no One stirring up the depths of the abyss, and that there is no One who can help us in our distress! But mutter it not; say it boldly; and like a man, avow your disbelief to the storm, and tell the lightnings"—

"Hold, hold!" exclaimed the youth. "Torment me not, Father; I own it, I have spoken like a fool. But, oh tell me, do you think we are in any immediate danger?"

"So sudden and so violent a squall cannot be without great danger, and the worst is not come yet. We cannot be many miles from the place, where three years ago an English infidel poet, named Shelley, was upset by such a squall, and miserably perished."

The young man bit his lip and shuddered; then asked, "And are you not afraid?"

"No," answered the friar with calm dignity; "for I believe in God." "And I, I believe in Him too!" exclaimed the other, as a flash of lightning seemed actually to cut between them, and a roar of thunder, like a discharge of artillery, crashed along the deck. The fury of the tempest had fairly reached them; the sea whirled and eddied on every side; its billows seemed crested with serpents, curling and hissing against the heavens; the ship was thrown on her beam-ends, so that the sea washed her decks; she plunged forward, now burying her

bowsprit in the billows, now tossing it, as if in agony, towards the sky; she staggered beneath the lashing of the waves, and became disobedient to the helm; and seemed trembling on the very verge of destruction.

The young painter was dashed from his seat, and prostrate on the deck clung to a bench; and Father Francis, more accustomed to such events, leaned against the mast, and kneeling calmly said his Rosary. But while all nature seemed in convulsions, a storm scarce less violent had broken out in the breasts of the crew. The result of their late consultations now became visible. They had heard with horror the blasphemies of the infidel; for they were, though uneducated, sincere and fervent believers. With one accord, they had decided that his impious words had brought upon the ship the vengeance of an outraged God. Justice demanded its victim, the thunders roared for their prey, the billows yawned for their due; God's creatures, the very ones he had maligned, His heavens and His abyss, had clearly arisen for His avengement.—And why should they all perish on his account? why should their children be orphans, and their wives widows, because of his impiety? Like Jonas he had caused the tempest—like Jonas he must allay it; “perhaps,” added one with disdain, “chance will prepare a whale to save him.” With one accord, they rushed aft, and sprung towards their enemy, as they considered him. Father Francis saw what was coming, he read it in their eyes and gestures, and bounding forward in an instant, threw his rosary round the ill-fated youth's neck. But they were not to be so deterred. While several seized him, one quietly took off the beads, respectfully kissed them, and gave them back to the good priest, saying,

“Reverend father, hinder us not; let justice be done. We act from no feeling of revenge or anger. We only perform a sacred duty.”

In the mean time they proceeded to bind him, hand and foot. He trembled and sobbed like a child; he entreated for mercy; he called on the captain and the holy friar for help. But both were powerless. The captain could not stir from the helm, or the ship would have spun round before the blast, and instantly gone down; and F. Francis was held fast by two powerful men. Both indeed pleaded for him with all their power, but pleaded in vain.

“Hold!” at last exclaimed the captain: “will you commit murder in perhaps your last hour? Look to the sail! see, see, it is gone!” And as he spoke, a tremendous crash was heard; the close-reefed sail split and shivered into ribbands, as if it had been made of paper, and its fragments flapped and quivered in the gale. But they heeded it not; not a man went to look to it.

“Never mind it, captain, said the ringleader, “all will be right when we are rid of the cause of the mischief. But with a blasphemer on board, all else will avail nought.”

It was a fearful moment; the vessel was completely unmanageable, reeling and heaving, a mere plaything for the wind; a few inches more that she leaned on one side, and she would fill and go down. Yet all were only intent on a more awful struggle. Though bound, the wretched artist fought for life. He grasped his assailants' clothes with his hands, he struck his teeth into their flesh, he beat about with his limbs; but all in vain. They had lifted him up to the edge of the bulwarks, he clasped his hands in agony, he uttered a faint shriek; when a brilliant light kindled up the murky atmosphere. It was not the lightning, it was not the sun; but they all knew it at once.

“The blessed Saint Elmo's light!” * exclaimed many voices

with a cry of joy: “thank God, we are safe!” “Then spare him,” interposed the good friar, “for holy St. Elmo's sake!” The appeal was irresistible; and the victim of death was laid quietly on the deck. And how could they have now gone on with their frightful attempt? That beautiful meteor that played upon the summit of the mast seemed to them as an angel of light come to bring *them* mercy. Now it rolled itself up like a globe on the very top; now it threw itself out as a streamer in the wind; then it would wind round, and creep down the mast, or its cordage; then climb up again; but always so bland, so gentle, so silent, and so cheering, that its meaning could not be mistaken. With its appearance the gale abated, the sea became calmer; the squall passed over; and while an unclouded sun was setting in the west, the rear of the dark storm and its rolling artillery were just perceptible in the east.

In the mean time, good Father Francis was busy with Raphael. As he unbound him, he said to him most kindly, but still significantly, “To what do you owe your escape, think you?”

“To PROVIDENCE, my father, to the Divine goodness,” was his reply.

The good old man embraced him; but he felt in that embrace, his heart throbbing with fever and nervous agitation, as well it might. He bore him below, laid him on a bed; and watched over him all night, as a mother might have done over her babe. He administered to him cooling and soothing draughts, and before morning the patient had a refreshing slumber. They had been sailing all night with a prosperous breeze, and were now in sight of land. When the good father gave him this good news, to his surprise he seemed troubled. He asked him the reason, and was soon told it: “Because I must so soon part with you. But, father, pray for me; and beg of God to forgive me.”

Shortly after, the holy friar returned to him, and found him up, and what amazed him more, shorn of his mustachoes, and attired like other people. He remonstrated with him for rising while yet so weak, but he replied:

“I have a duty of expiation to perform before I leave the vessel; I am indeed weak, but if you, my dear father, will stand by me, I shall feel quite strong.”

He ascended the deck, and the crew and passengers having been summoned at his request, he addressed them as follows:

“My friends and companions, I owe you all an apology, and ask sincerely pardon for a double injury; first, for having shocked and outraged your religious feelings by my impious language, and then for having brought on you the awful visitation of yesterday. For, let others think of it as they please, let them attribute it to natural causes, *I* must ever, to my dying day, consider it as sent for my correction, if not for my chastisement. Yesterday I avowed myself an infidel, a disbeliever in God—nay, I made a fool-hardy boast of it—that storm came, and showed how foolish and weak were my pretensions; how I shrunk from holding my belief in the presence of danger! It was thus the means under Providence of unveiling to me my own folly and wickedness, and opening my eyes to the stupid and base nature of what I wished myself to hold. And again, when you, in your natural indignation, for which I forgive you, placed me in danger, that beautiful light interposed to check *you*, and to save *me*. And how can I consider these occurrences, so timely, so beneficial—the one to my moral, the other to my bodily existence—otherwise than an over-ruling of natural phenomena, by a most wise and infinitely good Cause, for purposes to me all-important? Yes: I believe, that to benefit the least of His creatures God

* This is a meteor, or bright light, that often in a storm plays round a vessel, as here described, and is so called from St. Elmo, or Erasmus, the patron of sailors in the Mediterranean.

would deem it but little to direct the greatest and sublimest elements of nature.

"And surely it can only have been a blindness in me, as it must be in any one, not to see in a thousand events of my past life, dispensations, if not so striking, yet as manifest, of a merciful Hand, that brings about, just when wanted and as wanted, events and circumstances that most materially influence our happiness, which no human foresight or prudence could possibly have pre-arranged. And I assure you, that if men would only look at themselves, and at their own lives, as your honest captain says, with common sense and feelings, there would be no infidels.

"But you, young men, who were weak enough before yesterday's occurrences, to listen to my foolish talk, and encourage me in my impiety, I entreat you to forget all that you heard from me, and to remember only, and well, the sensible words and strong arguments, which this good father, and our excellent captain, urged against me. When your hear men talk of *chance*, and *fortune*, and *fate*, and such foolish things, never put your trust in them. I assure you I would not have done so myself, though I talked to you as I did. I will give you a case in point. An acquaintance of mine, publicly considered (I fear on his own avowals) a professed atheist, arriving at a capital city, went to his banker to present his letters of credit. The latter, I suppose by way of flattering him, said to him, 'Sir, I am proud to meet a man who does not hold belief in a first great Cause.' 'Whereupon,' said the other, in giving the account to his friends, 'knowing that the banker T. believed in all possible causes, I transferred my business to him.' Never, then, again pay court, by assent and flattery, to those who talk, or affect to hold infidelity. People are inclined to suppose that such a one has a sort of courage, that he must be a bold and brave man, and some way or other men will bend before even a false courage; but I tell you that he is a coward, a mean despicable coward, who trembles before his own conscience, and before God, and only seeks refuge from his fears in a bullying, bragging pretence of denying both. And they who fawn on him and flatter him are worse—they are cowards before a coward, afraid of one who trembles. Had you stood up against me, I should have respected and honoured you much more, as I did in my heart reverence this worthy, honest, religious man, who had courage to avow his belief.

"Only one word more. Not only do I tell you not to respect the man who professes infidelity, but I tell you not to believe him. Not one in ten thousand, that says he disbelieves in God, does so in truth. He wishes to do so, he tries to do so, he pretends to do so, but he *does not*. So that every one who calls himself an atheist, in my judgment—and it is one grounded on experience—has this alternative: either he does not believe what he says, and then he is a *LIAR*, or he does say it and believe it '*in his heart*,' and then he is a '*FOOL*.'"

Father Francis, much agitated, now spoke a few words. First, he thanked God for the consolation he had given them all in the person of this youth, and in the words that he had just uttered. Then he reproved, in the severest possible language, the behaviour of the crew; bid them repent of it before God, as a most heinous sin, and beg humble forgiveness of the young man, who would have a right, on landing, to bring them to justice for their murderous assault, which their motive could not justify. They did so with sincere sorrow, and were most kindly forgiven.

The ship was now in harbour, and each one hastened to his own destination. Father Francis was obliged to start the same day, and had only time to take affectionate leave of the young

man in whom he had now taken a warm interest, and to exhort him to complete the work of grace, by reconciling himself to God. He promised earnestly that he would not fail to do so; and with this they parted. Father Francis preached during the Advent with great fruit, and returned safe to Genoa.

Three years later he was appointed to visit the houses of his order (the Franciscan,) in the island of Sardinia. In the course of his journey, he came to a monastery remarkable for its discipline and austerity, situated in a retired spot, on a rock that overhangs the sea. Its church forms a land-mark to the mariner, who hails, as he doubles the promontory, his patron St. Elmo, to whom it is dedicated. The good friar remembered the convent very poor and unadorned; and what was his astonishment to find its cloister now in great part covered with beautiful painting, while a scaffolding shrouded by curtains, showed that the artist was still going on with the work. "We have indeed found a treasure," said the superior to him, on noticing his surprise, "in the young lay-brother whose performances you see around you. His cleverness as a painter is only exceeded by his piety, his regularity, and his humility. Though possessed of great ability, he would not enter otherwise than as a lay-brother into the order."

"And what is his name?"

"He has taken his name in religion from our holy patron, and is called Brother Elmo. His name in the world he begged not to disclose."

Father Francis hardly heard this answer, for he was standing rivetted before a painting, forming one of a series from the Old Testament.

"How natural, how true that is!" exclaimed the guardian or superior; "one would suppose that the artist had witnessed the scene. How awful those billows! how terrible those thunder-clouds! one can almost hear their roar. How vivid the lightning! and how the ship seems on the point of sinking! And the scene on board, how fearfully true! Look at Jonas in the hands of the sailors, who are heaving him overboard, how pale and half-dead he seems! It makes one shudder to look at it! But one thing has puzzled us all; while under every other picture the pious artist has inscribed a most appropriate text; under this he has put one, the application of which is an enigma, nor will he explain it."

Father Francis who seemed quite lost during all this speech, was recalled to himself by the last words, and looking down, read the text,

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"I have solved the riddle!" he exclaimed in an agitated tone, that startled his companion; "call your painter here immediately." He descended, on being summoned, from the scaffolding; and being told that the Rev. Father Visitor wished to see him, advanced without raising his eyes, but with his shaven head modestly bent down, and his arms crossed on his breast, and kneeling before the holy friar, reverently kissed his hand. What further followed let the reader's own heart tell him.

I only say, Oh that every infidel would end in a Brother Elmo!* M.

THE BLIGHTED HEART.

THERE is not on the pages which reveal
Our sum of anguish, in the book of fate,
A pang severer than the pain we feel
When friendship is deceived, our love meets hate,
When warm affection coldly is reprieved,
Or hopeless misery denounced by lips we loved.

* The outline of this tale is derived from a true story.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth;
 Bright glow'd in her features the roses of health;
 Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
 And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
 Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
 And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
 And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
 When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.
 She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
 That call'd her to live for her suffering race;
 And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
 Rose quickly, like Mary, and answer'd, "I come."
 She put from her person the trappings of pride,
 And pass'd from her home with the joy of a bride,
 Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved—
 For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.
 Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
 That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
 No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
 But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
 Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
 For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame:
 Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
 For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.
 Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
 Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
 Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,
 Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
 That voice, that once echo'd the song of the vain,
 Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
 And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
 Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.
 Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead,
 Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;
 Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed;
 Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;
 Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
 Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease:
 The delicate lady lives mortified there,
 And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.
 Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
 Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confin'd:
 Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
 She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
 She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
 And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
 Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
 The Sister of Charity there is a friend.
 Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
 Like an angel she moves, mid the vapours of death;
 Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
 Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
 How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
 With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
 How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
 For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.
 Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
 Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
 Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
 Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
 Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
 Ye fireside philanthropists, great at your pen,
 How stands in the balance your eloquence weigh'd
 With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid? *Griffen.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"It is customary in Arabia, and among the Moors in Barbary, to tread out the corn with cattle. The sheaves lie open and expanded on the threshing-floors, and the cattle continually move round them. The natives of Aleppo still religiously observe the ancient practice of permitting the oxen to remain unmuzzled when they separate the corn from the straw." This illustrates that passage in *Deut. xxv. 4*, "*Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.*"—*Shaw's Travels*, p. 221. *Russell's Nat. Hist. of Aleppo*, vol i. p. 76.

"2 SAM. xxiv. 18. *Threshing-floors.*] These among the ancient Jews, were only, as they are to this day in the East, round level plats of ground in the open air where the corn was trodden out by oxen, the *Libyæ arææ* of *Horace*, ode i. l. 10. Thus Gideon's floor (*Judges vi. 37.*) appears to have been in the open air; as was likewise that of Araunah the Jebusite; else it would not have been a proper place for erecting an altar and offering sacrifice. In *Hosea xiii. 3*, we read of 'the chaff which is driven by the whirlwind from the floor.' This circumstance of the threshing-floor's being exposed to the agitation of the wind, seems to be the principal reason of its Hebrew name: which may be farther illustrated by the direction which *Hesiod* (*Opera et Dies*, l. 597) gives his husbandman 'to thresh his corn in a place well exposed to the wind.' From the above account it appears that a *threshing-floor* (rendered in our textual translation, a *void place*,) might well be *near* the entrance of the gate of Samaria, and that it might afford no improper place for the kings of Israel and Judah to hear the prophets in.—See 1 Kings xxii. 10; 2 Chron. xviii. 9."

"ISAIAH xli. 15. *Threshing.*] The manner of threshing corn in the East differs essentially from the method practised in western countries. It has been fully described by travellers, from whose writings such extracts are here made, and connected together, as will convey a tolerable idea of this subject. In *Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28*, four methods of the threshing are mentioned, as effected by different instruments: the flail, the drag, the wain, and the treading of the cattle. The staff or flail, was used for the *inferiora semina*, says Hieron, the grain that was too tender to be treated in the other methods. The drag consisted of a sort of frame of strong planks, made rough at the bottom with hard stones or iron; it was drawn by horses or oxen over the corn-sheaves spread on the floor, the driver sitting upon it. The wain was much like the former, but had wheels with iron teeth, or edges like a saw. The axle was armed with iron teeth, or serrated wheels throughout: it moves upon three rollers, armed with iron teeth or wheels, to cut the straw. In Syria they make use of the drag, constructed in the very same manner as above described. This not only forced out the grain, but cut the straw in pieces for fodder for the cattle; for in the eastern countries they have no hay. The last method is well known from the law of Moses, which forbids the ox to be muzzled when he treadeth out the corn. *Deut. xxv. 4.*" (*Bp. Lowth's Note on Isaiah xxviii. 27.*)

"In threshing their corn, the Arabians lay the sheaves down in a certain order, and then lead over them two oxen, dragging a large stone. This mode of separating the ears from the straw is not unlike that of Egypt."—*Niebuhr's Travels*.

SUGGESTIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

ABOUT

BUILDING CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

[Continued from page 56.]

9. *Windows.*—In Gothic Churches, where stained glass is not used, the glass should be in small panes, those of a diamond shape being generally preferable.

Hopper casements are recommended, and they should be inserted in almost all the windows, in order to secure due ventilation.

Where lead lights are adopted, copper bands to tie them to the saddle bars are preferable to lead, being less liable to stretch and become loose by the action of the wind.

The very unsightly appearance often occasioned by the wet streaming down the window backs, can be prevented by fixing a small copper gutter at the bottom of each lead-light, to receive the moisture produced by condensation, with copper tubes to convey the same to the outside of the building. This has also a tendency to keep the building dry, and to preserve it from decay; or the inside of the sills may be raised an inch and a half.

A good effect will be produced by keeping the sills of windows raised as much as practicable above the line of the tops of the seats.

10. *Tower and Spire.*—The usual place of the Tower, in a Church without transepts, is at the west end; or it may be placed about the middle of the side.—If funds are scanty, it is better to leave this part of the Church to a future period, than to attempt its immediate completion in an inferior manner.

When the Tower contains more bells than one, the timbers of the bell framing or floor should not be inserted into the main walls; but should be supported either on set-offs or on corbels.

11. *Gutters.*—Where necessary, to be most carefully constructed to carry off the rain and snow into the perpendicular pipes, which are best of cast-iron, cylindrical, and placed an inch or two at least from the wall, so as to admit air and keep it dry.

Dripping eaves projecting very far do not in all cases supersede the necessity of gutters and pipes, even in very sheltered situations; but in exposed places, eaves-gutters, and rain-water pipes will be absolutely necessary to prevent the wet being driven against the walls, and thus rendering the building damp.

Eaves-gutters may be made of cast-iron; but, unless very skilfully cast, they will not preserve their level.

The lead for gutters must not be less than eight pounds to the foot.

Lead gutters must not be less than twelve inches wide in the narrowest part, with drips at proper intervals; each drip two inches deep at the least, and the fall between the drips not less than one inch and a half in every ten feet.

Outlets to be provided in parapets to carry off the overflow occasioned by rapid thaws or otherwise.

Drains on the roof should be protected by coverings, as it prevents the melting snow from congealing in the gutter, and thus obstructing the water-course.

Drains should be formed at the feet of all the rain-water pipes.

12. *Ventilation.*—Ventilation cannot be always completely effected by windows alone, without incommoding the congregation. In such cases foul air may be expelled at or near the roof, either by horizontal or perpendicular channels or tubes.

Where there is a ceiling, apertures should be made in it for the proper ventilation of the roof.

All the original provisions for the ventilation of the building must be carefully looked after, and the apertures kept open.

13. *Chimneys.*—If any be required, the utmost care must be taken to render them safe from fire. They should never be brought within eighteen inches of any timber. They should be as unobtrusive as possible, but not disguised under the form of any ornamental feature of the building.

14. *The Altar.*—Should be raised two or more steps above the floor of the chancel, which should be raised a step or two above the floor of the nave. Where the rails do not extend across the chancel, no seats should be allowed between the rails and the north and south walls; and as much room as possible should be left about the rails for the access of communicants.

15. *Font.*—To be fixed at the west end of the building, or as near as convenient to the principal entrance, but not so as to be under a gallery. Care to be taken that sufficient space is allowed for the sponsors to kneel. The font to be of stone, as directed by the Canon, and large enough to admit of the immersion of infants. To be provided with a water-drain.

16. *Reading-Desk and Pulpit.*—The reading-desk should not be so elevated as to resemble a second pulpit; and both reading-desk and pulpit should be so placed as to intercept the view of the east end as little as possible from the body of the Church.

17. *Seats.*—The seats must be so placed as that no part of the congregation may turn their backs upon the altar. There must invariably be an open central passage up the whole length of the Church from west to east. No square, or round, or double pews can be allowed, and as few pews as may be. Much accommodation is gained by the adoption, instead of pews, of open seats with backs.

The distance from the back of one seat to that of the next must depend in great measure on the height of the backs and the arrangements for kneeling. Where the funds and space admit, convenience will be consulted by adopting a clear width of three feet, or even three feet four inches; but the width of two feet six inches in the clear may be allowed if the back of the seat be not more than two feet eight inches in height. This height is in all cases to be preferred, both for convenience and for appearance. If a greater height be adopted, the distance from back to back must not be less than two feet eleven inches in the clear. There should not be any projecting capping on the top of the backs. Means for kneeling must in all cases be provided. Hassoeks are to be preferred to kneeling boards, especially where the space is narrow.

Twenty inches in length must be allowed for each adult, and fourteen for a child. Seats intended exclusively for children may be twenty-four inches from back to front.

18. *Galleries.*—None can be permitted in any part of the chancel. Where necessary, they should not inclose the columns against which they rest, so as to break the upright lines of the shafts from the floor to the roof. Wherever placed, they should, as much as possible, be made to appear as adjuncts and appendages to the architectural design of the interior, rather than as essential parts or features of it. The Society will not sanction any plan involving the erection of a gallery, unless in cases where it is distinctly shown that no room is unnecessarily sacrificed, by inconvenient arrangements, on the floor.

19. *Vestry.*—The Vestry should have access to it from without.

20. *Finishings.*—Wall wainscoting, or wood linings to walls, to be avoided wherever convenient. Wood linings to walls

confine the damp, and frequently occasion dry-rot. For the same reason cement skirtings are to be preferred to wood; particularly on the ground-floor. Where the linings to the walls are of wood, holes should be perforated under the seats to allow the circulation of air. As it is scarcely possible to prevent rot if any wood is in contact with the walls, the ends of seats next the walls should be omitted, and cement painted, be substituted.

21. *Exciseable and Customable Articles*.—Architects are particularly desired to take care that an *accurate account* be kept of the quantities of customable and exciseable articles used, where the expense of enlarging or building a Church or Chapel will amount to £500, or upwards, such as may be duly certified or verified by affidavit.—*From the Ecclesiologist*.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

Read only Great Authors.—I would say, as a good general rule, never read the works of any ordinary man, except on scientific matters, or when they contain simple matters of fact. Even on matters of fact, silly and ignorant men, however honest and industrious in their particular subject, require to be read with constant watchfulness and suspicion; whereas great men are always instructive, even amidst much of error on particular points. In general, however, I hold it to be certain, that the truth is to be found in the great men, and the error in the little ones.—*Dr. Arnold's Correspondence*.

Poverty with peace is better than affluence with anxiety.

Mrs. Chapone was asked why she always came so early to church? "Because," she replied, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the devotion of others."

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore, says the good Fuller, jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

One does not pay so dear for holding one's tongue, as one does for keeping up a dispute.

He who sincerely admires the merit of another, cannot be deficient in it himself.

A Fragment.—I saw a pale mourner bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humble eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother, my brother!" A sage passed that way and said, "For whom dost thou mourn?" "One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel." "What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?" The mourner replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace." "Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage: "but, if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living; remembering that they will soon be dead also."

If atheists are not sure there is no God, they cannot be at ease in their minds, lest there should be one.

Jelly from Grapes.—Take the ripest grapes and spread them on clean straw; at the end of a fortnight pluck them from the stalks, and boil them for five or six minutes, in order to be able to extract the juice with ease: after passing the juice through a sieve, add a quarter of a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice, and boil for half an hour. Then set to cool; and in twenty-four hours there will be a fine jelly, the properties of which are excellent for invalids.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Thy sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heav'n beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

BISHOP HEBER.

EXTRACTS FROM

"SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES AND AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLES."

By Frederic Faber, M.A. Fellow of University College, Oxford.

[Continued from page 71.]

PRIMITIVE REVERENCE FOR THE CHURCH OF ROME.

"THE early fathers saw something about Rome, they hardly knew what; something which distinguished her from other Churches. One of the heathen emperors, Aurelian, if I mistake not, referred a dispute to the bishop of Rome in some such way as to show a belief in his mind that his Christian subjects looked up to the chair of Rome. He was doubtless expressing something which he had observed. Some of the fathers, as Tertullian, speak of the peculiar happiness of the Church of Rome, where the two Apostles were martyred, and St. John confessed. Others seem to regard it in a peculiar way, as the only clearly apostolic chair of the west: others again as being in type as a Church what St. Peter was as an Apostle; and indeed this is true, for Rome is a type of the whole Church. I too see even in early times something distinguishing that Church very honourably, an almost miraculous fecundity in planting Churches, and this of course paved the way for the subsequent growth of the papacy. Then, other early writers noticed her long freedom from heresy as something peculiar, and called her the virgin Church. Her conduct in the Arian troubles during the pontificates of Julius, Liberius, and Damascus, would also deepen and consolidate her influence throughout the universal Church. Indeed, a passage in Gregory Nazianzen's poem on his own life shows with what affectionate reverence even the eastern doctors regarded her; and it is the more striking in that Gregory himself was patriarch of Constantinople."

BENEFITS OF SILENCE IN RELIGIOUS DISCIPLINE.

"What a power silence has to absorb and incorporate with herself every sound which comes not from man or human toil!

The wild howl of the wolf and the dissonant baying of the watch-dog do not interrupt the deep tranquillity. They enter into it, and form part of it. How divine a thing is silence? 'Yes,' replied I; 'and with what wisdom did the authors of monastic observances make it a part of their discipline?' 'You will generally find,' he answered, 'most deep sagacity in the ascetic system of old times. It is a profitable study, because of the numerous holy uses and spiritual meanings consigned within it, the gradual contributions of many generations of Saints.' 'It seems,' said I, 'at first sight strange, that so large a portion of the practical rules of Scripture should concern the government of the tongue.' 'And,' replied he, 'what a key-stone to the arch of all such precepts is made by those words of our Blessed Saviour, 'By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned!' And as in Scripture, so in the Latin hymns of the Breviary, how numerous and beautiful are the allusions to silence as a penitential or elevating discipline, and in what singular combinations do they many times occur! We grow into an intelligent apprehension of them. It is very wonderful to observe the deeply scriptural character of all the systems of antiquity, whether dogmatical or ascetic. A lively regard for and reverent custody of tradition seem to bring, as a natural consequence, a deep understanding of Scripture, and an affectionate dwelling upon it, and realizing of it in its minutest parts.' 'Yes,' said I, 'whole portions of Scripture, Levitical details, topographical catalogues, or Hebrew genealogies, appear to have been full of Christ, full of outlines of His Church, to the affectionate temper of early times, where now to us the lamps have gone out. Even the genealogy of the Lord Himself is often left unread in church, as having no springs of heavenly meditation flowing from it. Yet if we open the commentaries of the fathers, what exuberant and beautiful wisdom springs beneath their touch from the dry desert of hard names, overflowing it all, and making it green with spiritual herbs good for the use of man?' 'And,' said he, 'this use of silence, as a part of the old ascetic system, is another instance of the fidelity with which the mind of antiquity, as a pure mirror, received the faintest shadows of scriptural objects upon itself. Its uses as a penance, and again as an habitual restraint of a dangerous member, are very obvious; but such views as these fall short of ancient ideas on the subject.' 'I have often been struck,' said I, 'with the word *fed*, as applied to silence, as if there were some way in which silence feeds the soul?' 'And cannot even you,' said he, 'in these times see ways in which it feeds the soul? A silent contemplation of heavenly mysteries, without shaping them into thoughts or melting them into words, may be to the soul what a silent study of some surpassing model is to the artist. It becomes a source of beauty, unconsciously transferring itself to the spirit of the beholder. It is like a stamp, whose reversed images are unintelligible till they are impressed upon another substance, when we may read and interpret them. St. Ephrem is very bold and majestic; he calls silence the language whereby the Father and the Son converse, understood by the coequal Spirit only, and above even angelic comprehension.'"

THE USE OF THE SIGN OF THE CROSS IN OTHER TIMES.

"I should hope," he replied, "that there was no Christian who was ashamed to sign himself with the sign of the Cross, especially when, from any sudden and apparently causeless irruption of unchaste thoughts, he has reason to believe his chamber filled with unclean spirits. Surely it is a great privilege not to be forbidden the use of that effectual token. To a serious man, how quickly it raises a fence between the world

and himself! How does it remind him of his New Birth, when he rises in the morning! How does it meekly defy the evil angels when he leaves his chamber for the duties of the day! How does it bless his bed when he retires to rest! How does it, as it were, absolve him in the dead of night from the guilt of miserable dreams! How does it stay fits of sudden anger! How is it a very real and felt contact with the invisible world! O blessed Sign! how art thou like the finger of the Lord, the touch of One Whom we love and fear!" 'How fearless, too,' said I, 'was the use of this dread admonition among the Saints of old! For what is wanting in Tertullian's catalogue! 'At every stir and movement, at every coming in and going out, at putting on the clothes and binding on the sandals, at the bath and at the banquet, at the lighting of the lamps, at lying down or sitting, whithersoever the conversation of our life leadeth us, we do wear our forehead with the sign of the Cross.' 'And nature too,' he replied, 'was full of this sign to them, when they walked abroad. Not only were the pools of water and the fields of corn instructive shadows of the Font and the Altar, and the olive-yards of their holy unction, and the vines of the redeeming Blood; but the Cross, too, was every where among the boughs, and in the clouds, and on the plains, and on the skins of beasts. If St. Ephrem saw a little bird fly, he remembered that with out-stretched wings it was making the sign of the Cross before the eye of Heaven, and that, if it closed its wings and marred the sign, it straightway fell to the earth. If he trusted himself on shipboard, he looked up to the mast, and, behold! a Cross; and when they spread the sail, it was like the Body of One hanging on the Cross, propelling the ship, and forthwith the ship became the Church, and the fierce sea the world, and there was One on board, Whose Presence is our haven.' 'I would,' I replied, 'that I could win the habit of so regarding the beautiful scenery of my daily walks, that when my body is driven out into the air for recreation, my soul might feed on beautiful symbols, and be kept pure by images of heaven, and be drawn to Christ by a thousand sacred admonitions.' 'This,' said he, 'is not a matter of the intellect. Such a habit must be won by continual meditation on divine things, by a love of Christ, and an imitation of Him. Leave off wrangling, and let go high-mindedness. Throw yourself into antiquity; its controversial witness is a great thing, but its beautiful spirit is a far greater. Strive to imbibe it; incorporate yourself into it. Fearlessly contract habits of thought alien to those you have now; and realize the truth, that there is neither space nor time in the Communion of Saints.'"

THE FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

[Continued from page 90.]

"PARALYZED with sudden and overwhelming horror, Florian fell senseless into the arms of the headsman, who had watched this critical moment, and, with ready self-possession, loudly attributed to recent illness, an incident so puzzling to the spectators. He succeeded ere long in rousing Florian to an imperfect sense of his critical situation, and, supporting his tottering frame, led him to the house of the deceased executioner. For an hour after their arrival, the unhappy youth sat mute and motionless—the living image of despair. Agony in him had passed its wildest paroxysm, and settled down into a blind and mechanical unconsciousness. The old man, who began to suspect some extraordinary reason for emotion so excessive, compelled him to swallow several glasses of wine, and anxiously besought him to explain the cause of his impassioned deportment. It was long, however, before the disconsolate Florian regained the power of utterance. At length a

burst of tears relieved him. 'I knew him!' he began, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs. 'He was once my friend. Oh, my father! there is no hope for me! I am a doomed man—a murderer! He stands before me ever, and demands my blood in atonement for his destruction. How can I justify such guilt? I never knew his crime—I cannot even fancy him a criminal—but I well remember that he loved and cherished me. Away, my father, if you love me, to the judges! I *must* know his crime, or the pangs I feel will never depart from me.'

"The executioner, in whose stern and inflexible nature feelings of pity, and even of repentance, were now at work, hastened to obtain some information, and returned in half an hour with indications of anxiety and doubt too obvious to escape the unhappy Florian, who, with folded hands, exclaimed, 'For God's sake, father, tell me all—I must know it, sooner or later. Your anxiety prepares me for the worst. If you, a man of iron, are thus shaken'—"

"'I? Nonsense!' retorted the old man, somewhat disconcerted. 'The fellow was a notorious villain, and was executed for two murders.'

"Florian, relieved by this intelligence, began to breathe more freely, and gazed upon the headsman with looks which sought farther explanation. 'Florian,' continued the old man, fixing upon him his stern and searching look, 'when you told me the tale of your calamities at D., did you tell me *all*? Had you *no* reservations?'

"'None, father, by all I hold most sacred!' replied Florian, with emphatic earnestness.

"'One of Bartholdy's crimes,' resumed the headsman, 'was connected with your story. He is said to have slain the officer in whose murder you thought yourself implicated by suspicious appearances.'

"'He!' exclaimed Florian, gasping with horror. 'No! he did not slay him!'

"'Can you *prove* that he had no share in that murder?' now sternly demanded the headsman, whose suspicions had been roused by Florian's acknowledgment of former intimacy with Bartholdy.

"'I can swear to his innocence of *that* murder?' vehemently replied Florian, whose energies rose with his excitement. 'And the other crime?' he eagerly continued. 'In mercy, father, tell me whom else he is said to have murdered?'

"'Yourself!' said the old man, turning pale as he anticipated the effect of this communication—'if the name inserted in the judicial summons from D. was really yours.'

"For some moments Florian gazed upon him in speechless despair—his eyes became fixed and glassy—his jaw dropped—and he would have fallen from his chair had not the old man supported him. The headsman, by an abundant application of cold water to the face of Florian, succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. The miserable youth opened his eyes, and, leaning on the old man's shoulders, burst into a passion of tears. When in some measure tranquillized, the headsman asked him soothingly if he was sufficiently collected to listen to him.

"'Yes, father, I am,' he replied, with an effort.'

"'Recollect then, my son,' continued the old man, 'that you are under the assured protection of the sword, and that you may open your heart to me without fear of consequences. Say, then, in the first place, who are you?'

"'I am no other, father,' answered Florian, with returning energy, 'than I have already acknowledged to you; and I was the early friend and school-fellow of the man whose blood I have shed upon the scaffold. But I must and will have clear proof of *every* crime imputed to Bartholdy!' he exclaimed in

wild emotion. 'Again I see his large dim eyes fixed on me in reproach; and if you cannot give me evidence that he deserved his fate, my remorse will goad me on to suicide or madness.'

"The old man's compassion for the tortured feelings of his son-in-law became actively excited. He clearly saw that nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, would satisfy him; he determined, therefore, to call upon the criminal's confessor; and, after prevailing upon the exhausted Florian to go to bed, he watched by him until he saw his wearied senses sealed up in sleep, and then departed in quest of farther intelligence.

"After three hours of undisturbed repose, which restored, in some measure, the exhausted strength of Florian, he awoke, and saw his father-in-law sitting by his bed, with a confident and cheerful composure of look, which spoke comfort to his wounded spirit.

"'Florian,' he began, 'I have cheering news for you. I have seen the confessor of Bartholdy, a good old man, who feels for, and wishes to console you. He has long known the habits and character of the criminal. More he would not say, but he will receive you this evening at his convent, and will not only impart to you the consolations of religion, but reveal as much of the criminal's previous life as the sacred obligations of a confessor will permit. Meanwhile, my son, you must rouse yourself from this stupor, and accompany me in a walk round the city ramparts.'

"After a restorative excursion, they repaired, at the appointed hour, to the Jesuit convent, and were immediately conducted to the cell of the confessor, an aged and venerable priest, who gazed for some seconds in silent wonder on the dejected Florian, and then, laying a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, 'Gracious Heaven! Florian, is it possible that I see you alive!'

"The startled youth raised his downcast eyes at this exclamation, and recognized in the Jesuit before him the worthy superior of the school at which he had been educated, and the same who had congratulated him on the disappearance of Bartholdy. This discovery imparted instant and unspeakable relief to the harassed feelings of Florian. The years he had passed under the paternal care of this benevolent old man arose with healing influence in his memory, and losing, in the sudden glow of filial regard and entire confidence, all his wonted timidity, he poured his tale of misery and remorse into the sympathizing ear of the good father, with the artless and irresistible eloquence of a mind pure from all offence. The confessor, who listened with warm interest to his recital, forbore to interrupt its progress by questions. 'I rejoice to learn,' he afterwards replied, 'that Bartholdy, although deeply stained with crime, quitted this life with less of guilt than he was charged with on his conscience. The details of his confession I cannot reveal, without a breach of the sacred trust reposed in me. It is enough to state, that he was deeply criminal. Without reference, however, to his more recent transgressions, I can impart to you some particulars of his earlier life, and of his implication in the murder you have detailed, which will be sufficient to relieve your conscience, and reconcile you to the will of Him, who, for wise purposes, made you the blind instrument of well-merited punishment. Know then, my son, that when Bartholdy was supposed by yourself and others to have absconded from the seminary, he was a prisoner within its walls. Certain evidence had reached the presiding fathers, that this reckless youth was connected with a band of plundering incendiaries, who had for some months infested the neighbouring districts. This confinement, which was sanctioned by his relations, was prolonged three years without any beneficial result; and at length, after many fruitful attempts, he succeed-

ed in making his escape. Joining the band of villains, he soon became their leader in the contrivance and execution of atrocities which I must not reveal, but which I cannot recollect without a shudder. In consequence of high winds and clouds of dust, the public walk and grove beyond the gate of D. had been some days deserted by the inhabitants, and the body of the murdered officer was not discovered until the fourth morning after your departure from the university. A catastrophe so dreadful had not for many years occurred in that peaceful district; a proportionate degree of abhorrence was roused in the public mind, and the excited people rushed in crowds to view the corpse, in which, by order of the police, the fatal knife was left as when first discovered; while secret agents mingled with the crowd, to watch the various emotions of the spectators. Guided by a retributive providence, Bartholdy, who had that morning arrived in D., approached the body, and gazed upon it with callous indifference, until the remarkable handle of his long-lost knife caught his eye. Starting at the well-remembered object, a deep flush darkened his yellow visage, and immediately the police-officers darted forward and seized him. At first he denied all knowledge of the knife, but at length admitted that he *had* seen the knife before, and in *your* possession. This attempt to criminate you, by implication, failed, however, to point any suspicion against one whose unblemished life and character were so well known in the university. And a friend of yours having expressed his belief that you had quitted the city some days before the murder was committed, this groundless insinuation of Bartholdy created an impression highly disadvantageous to him. A few hours later, intelligence arrived, that the diligence in which you had left D. had been attacked by a band of robbers, while passing through a forest, the day after your departure. Several of the passengers had been wounded; some killed; others had saved themselves by flight; and, as you had disappeared, it was now conjectured that Bartholdy had murdered you, and taken from your person the knife with which he had afterwards stabbed the young man in the grove. This presumptive evidence against him was so much strengthened by his sudden emotion at the sight of the weapon, and by the apparent probability that the murder of the young officer had succeeded the robbery of the diligence, that the watch and money found upon the body failed to create any impression in his favour, as it was conjectured, by the strongly-excited people, that he had been alarmed by passing footsteps before he had succeeded in rifling his victim. He was put into close confinement until farther evidence could be obtained; and, ere long, a letter arrived to your address from Normandy, stating the arrival of your trunk by the carrier, and expressing surprise at your non-appearance. A judicial summons, detailing your name and person, and citing you to appear and give evidence against the supposed murderer, led to no discovery of your retreat, and the evidence of your wounded fellow-travellers was obscure and contradictory. Meanwhile, however, several of the robbers who had attacked the diligence were captured by the *gens-d'armes*. When confronted with Bartholdy, their intelligence was sufficiently obvious, and he at length confessed his co-operation in the murderous assault upon the travellers; but stoutly denied that he had either injured or even seen you amongst the passengers, and as tenaciously maintained his innocence of the murder committed in the grove. Your entire disappearance, however, his emotion on beholding the knife, and his admission that he knew it, still operated so strongly against him, that he was tried and pronounced guilty of three crimes, each of which was punishable with death. During the week succeeding his trial, he was supplied by a confederate

with tools, which enabled him to escape and resume his predatory habits; nor was he retaken until a month before his execution, while engaged in a robbery of singular boldness and atrocity. He was recognized as the hardened criminal who had escaped from confinement at D.; and as the authorities were apprehensive that no prison would long hold so expert and desperate a villain, an order was obtained from Paris for the immediate execution of the sentence already passed upon him at D. Thus, although guilty of one only of the three crimes for which he suffered, the forfeiture of ten lives would not have atoned for his multiplied transgressions. From boyhood even he had preyed upon society with the insatiable ferocity of a tiger; and you, my son, ought not to murmur at the decree which made your early acquaintance with him the means of stopping his savage career, and your hand the instrument of retribution.'

"The concluding words of the venerable priest fell like healing balm upon the wounded spirit of Florian, who returned home an altered and a saddened, but a sustained and devout man. He followed, too, the advice of the friendly priest, in leaving the public belief of his own death uncontradicted; and, as he had not actually witnessed the murder in the grove near D. he felt himself justified in withholding his evidence against an individual, of whose innocence there was a remote possibility.

"The old headsman survived these events several years; and, while his strength continued equal to the effort, he spared his son-in-law from the trying duties of his office. After his death, however, his successor was compelled to encounter the dreadful task. For some time before and after each execution sadness sat heavy on his soul, but yielded gradually to the sustaining influence of fervent prayer, and to the caresses of his wife and children. In the intervening periods he regained comparative tranquillity, and devoted himself unceasingly to the education of his boys, and to the labours of his field and vineyard. I have been told, however, that since the execution of Bartholdy, he was never seen to smile; and that, when gazing on the joyous sports of his unconscious children, his eyes would often fill with tears of sorrowing anticipation. To one son who was impetuous, he continually taught the importance of mistrusting his own untrained opinions, and to the others who partook of all their father's good-nature and piety, with his hesitation of purpose and feebleness of mind, he impressed on them the absolute necessity of obeying their teacher's voice. 'How many troubles might I have been spared,' he said, 'had I made confidants and companions as far as they would have allowed, of my masters, and attaching myself to them and to the pupils who in the plainest way worked out their advice into action, I should not have been drifted about by accidental circumstances which I foolishly thought was NECESSITY.'

"A short time after this event the French revolution broke up all the old framework of society; Florian and his family left their homes, and with what property they could collect settled in one of the valleys of the Tyrol, where peace and health and rural happiness attended the years of all."—*Blackwood*.

Adversity brings down the spirit in some, and quickens it in others.

The torch of criticism should enlighten, not burn.

The miser is really poor; his gold is the property of his imagination, which will not part with any of it for his wants.

The brave man is known only in war; the wise man in anger; the friend in time of need.

All affectation is ridiculous, even that by which one pretends to steer clear of affectation.

SAGACITY OF THE SEA-GULL.

I REMAINED in my hut, which was made as usual, all day, not feeling very well: in the evening, however, I strolled from the low jungle that here skirts the sea, and in which our camp was made, to the beach, where I amused myself observing some sea-gulls that exhibited no little sagacity in the manner in which they obtained their food. All along the Bay of Tajourah, the small hermit crab abounds, and formed, I should suppose, from what I saw, the principal prey of these birds. It would be a difficult thing to get at this kind of crustacea, with all the means that sea-gulls can command; but instinct has taught them to have recourse to a method of unshelling the crabs, that certainly I should not have thought of. Seizing the one they intend to operate upon, they fly up to the height of ten or twelve feet, and letting it drop, it naturally falls on the heaviest, or topside of the shell. Before the little animal can recover itself, the gull has caught it again; and, flying up with it the same height as before, he lets it drop a second time; and so he continues till the repeated falls have fractured the shell, and he gets at the animal without farther trouble. It takes ten or twelve of these short flights to accomplish the object, but it never fails; and as the birds are certainly patterns of perseverance in their pursuit, they get, no doubt, a good living in this very singular manner. Besides this instance of their sagacity, I have seen gulls over and over again defeat the attempts of the hawk to pounce upon them, by making a very successful but very unusual flight for them, which was to vie with the hawk himself in the elevation he was obliged to take for the success of his swoop. In such cases they seek not to shun the butcher of their kind, but following him in each gyration he makes, afford him no opportunity of attack, and soon tire him out.—*Johnston's Travels in Southern Abyssinia.*

THE COFFEE-HOUSES IN LONDON.

THESE establishments are of quite modern growth, and they have opened up a new and extensive trade. Twenty-five years ago, there were not above ten or twelve coffee-houses in London, that is, houses devoted exclusively to the sale of tea and coffee. Now, there are upwards of two thousand; and for several years back the rate of increase has been about one hundred per annum. Twenty-five years ago, you could not get a cup of coffee, to say nothing of contingent advantages, under the charge of sixpence. Now, coffee—not of course very exquisitely flavoured, but still very drinkable—can be had at three-half-pence to threepence per cup! There are many coffee-houses in London, charging these low rates, which are visited by 700 or 800 people a-day, at an average; and in the vicinity of the Haymarket, there is an establishment of the kind which entertains from 1,500 to 1,600 people daily. The charge there is three-half-pence per cup for coffee; tea is somewhat dearer; forty-three papers are taken in daily, seven country papers, six foreign papers, twenty-four magazines per month, four quarterly reviews, and eleven weekly periodicals. Altogether about £400 a-year is expended in periodicals, which are circulated, be it remembered, generally among a class who, if they had not opportunities of reading them at the exceedingly cheap rates at which they are furnished there, and in similar establishments, would probably never see them at all. Besides the periodicals, also, there is a tolerably extensive library provided, and this important auxiliary to the light forces of the newspapers and magazines is becoming more and more general.—*Illuminated Magazine.*

Varieties.

Climate of New Zealand.—New Zealand being situated within the temperate zone, although nearer to the equator than Great Britain, possesses, from its peculiar geographical position, especially from its being insular, and also from the nature of its surface, a climate so modified as to resemble that of England more nearly than that of any other country I am acquainted with. It is moderate in every respect: the range of its temperature throughout the year and during the day being very inconsiderable. This is principally owing to the immense expanse of ocean which surrounds these narrow islands on all sides, preserving a temperature little varying, and moderating alike the cold of the antarctic regions, and the heat of the tropics. The continent of Australia, for as such we must regard it, is too distant to affect the climate, which it would undoubtedly do if it were nearer; as New Zealand would then receive an air heated in its passage over the vast plains of Australia, which extend far within the tropics. In like manner, the southerly winds, which although at all times the coldest, as coming from a polar *terra firma*, surrounded by eternal ice, are greatly tempered by the intervening ocean. If, instead of the latter, a continent extended to within a little distance of New Zealand, as Europe and Asia do, with reference to England, it would produce all the phenomena of climate in which we observe England to differ from New Zealand, such as the greater cold in winter, and during certain winds. The east coast, on which Wellington, Auckland, and the Bay of Islands are situated, is colder than the western, where the settlements of Nelson and new Plymouth have been founded, and where the air is far softer and milder. I ascertained this by actual comparisons, and in this respect the western coast must have great advantages over the eastern. In the interior of the islands, the climate is colder, and less changeable, in consequence of the presence of a snow-clad mountain-group, and the greater distance from the ocean. I found at Taupo, the acacias of Van Diemen's Land, the *Ricinus palma Christi*, and potatoes, affected by the frost, a circumstance which never happens near the coast; the leaves also of several trees had become yellow and deciduous; the landscape assumed an autumnal tint, although it can scarcely be said ever to have had a wintry appearance. At Wellington, on the contrary, and along the whole coast, the natives plant their potatoes at all seasons of the year, the forest remains ever green, and the opening of the flower-buds is merely a little retarded during the season of winter, the presence of which is only indicated by more frequent winds and rains.—*Dieffenbach's Travels in New Zealand.*

The noxious Influences of Smoke.—In the voluminous report on smoke, lately made in the House of Commons by a select committee, some curious facts are mentioned, for example—Mr. Chandler, a camellia grower, at Wandsworth, states, that on account of the great increase of chimneys from manufactories in that vicinity, plants which formerly might be handled without any bad effect, now soil the hands to a great extent. Among other plants which formerly flourished, but will not now grow in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, are China roses, *rhododendron hirsutum*, *rhododendron virginicum*, and many others of the greatest varieties now quite extinct. Mr. Anderson, the curator of the physic gardens at Chelsea, testifies to the noxious effects of what he calls the "bitter smoke" upon the trees of the establishment, particularly on evergreens, and on the two magnificent cedars which have so long been an ornament to the gardens, and form a very conspicuous object on the river. It appears that the sooty particles are attracted to and attached by the resinous exudations of the leaves, while the large surface of the foliage above prevents their being washed away by the rains, so that the functional action of the leaves is disturbed, if not entirely destroyed.

American Criticism.—The *True Wesleyan* Boston paper, reports the proceedings of the Methodist Episcopal Conference. Speaking of a sermon by the Rev. H. Slicer, the editor says:—"It was Southern in every respect. Warm, clear, forcible, right ahead. Give me the Southern style if I am to hear, or a Southern heart if I am to preach. It's none of your abstract, critical, metaphysical, wire-drawn, go-to-sleep-quick sort of operations. But, here's at-them, right-and-left, storm-the-citadel, take-it-by-force process."

A parishioner expressing his satisfaction, that the clergyman had latterly given up the practice of frequently quoting Latin; "It don't matter," said a farmer, "whether we *understands* it, if we *pays* for the best on't, we ought to ha' it."

